

THE SOWER

Augustus Currey

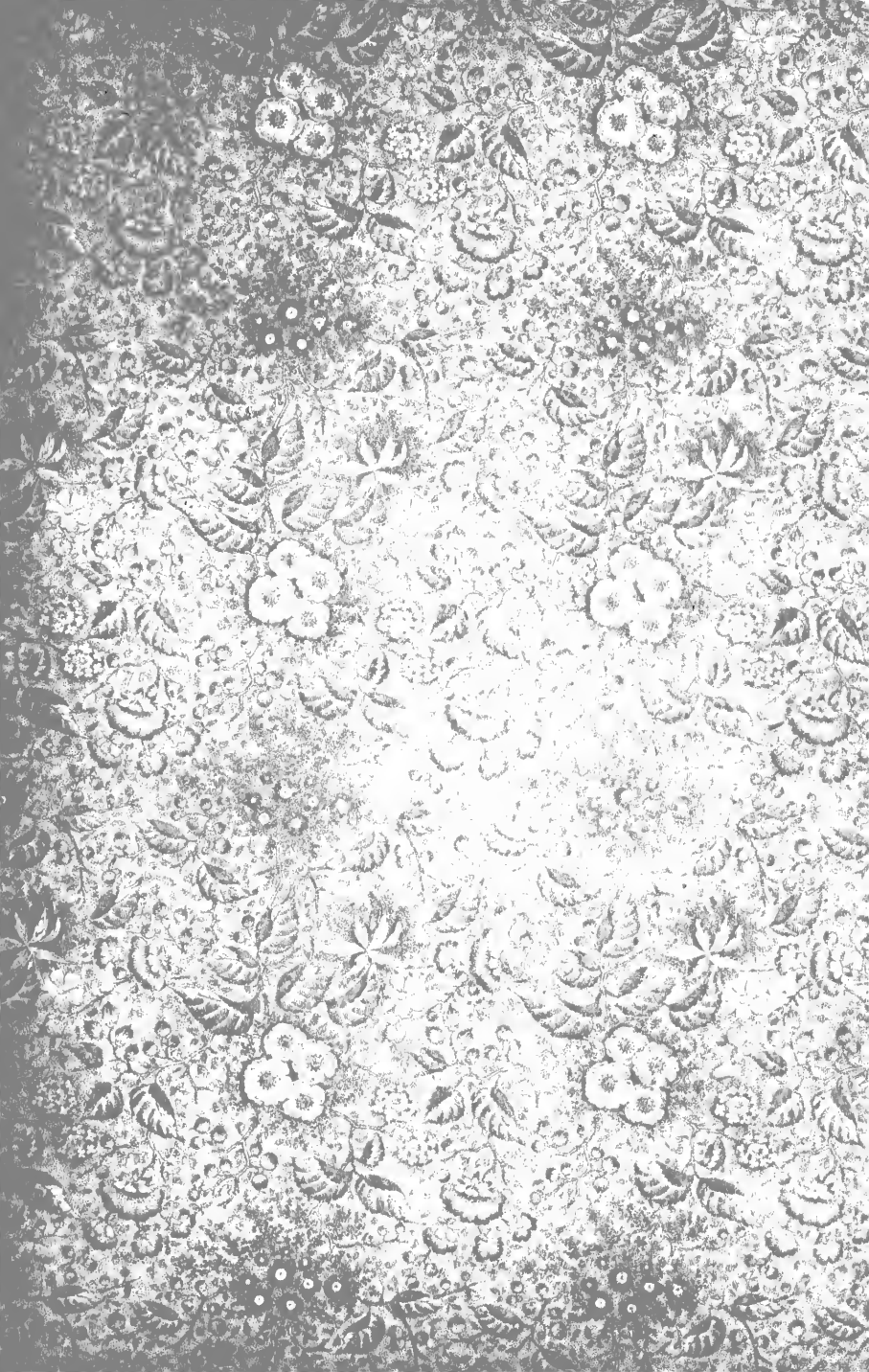


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THE SOWER

A Poem

BY AUGUSTUS CURREY

ILLUSTRATED



DETROIT, MICH.

RIVERSIDE PUBLISHING COMPANY

4 LAFAYETTE STREET

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JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.



THIS SIMPLE VERSION
OF
THE BEAUTIFUL PARABLE
IS DEDICATED
TO
All who Work for Good



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Designed and Drawn by

TRUE WILLIAMS,

UNDER WHOSE SUPERVISION THEY WERE ENGRAVED.



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THE SOWER.

FORTH went the Sower at the dawn of day,
Before the sun,
Down the long level where the night fogs lay,
Up the steep hillside, scattering on His way,
And one by one,

The amber jewels o'er the fertile land,
From side to side,
Fraught with God's goodness; when the south-wind fanned
The slumbering acres, they should all expand,
And good be multiplied.

For Him there came no nooning, as He pressed
His errand on;
Climbing with patience up the stony crest,
Plodding the valley, with no hope of rest
Till day was done.

When, as the sun sank low, and longer shadows crept,
At dark'ning eventide,
He fell, and smiling in His slumber, slept
The sleep of death, while angels kindly kept
Watch. o'er the fields He planted ere He died.



And lo! at springtime, from the fading snow,
 Leaped blades of green;
And children laughed to see the barrens grow
To hills of beauty in the summer's glow;
 And set between

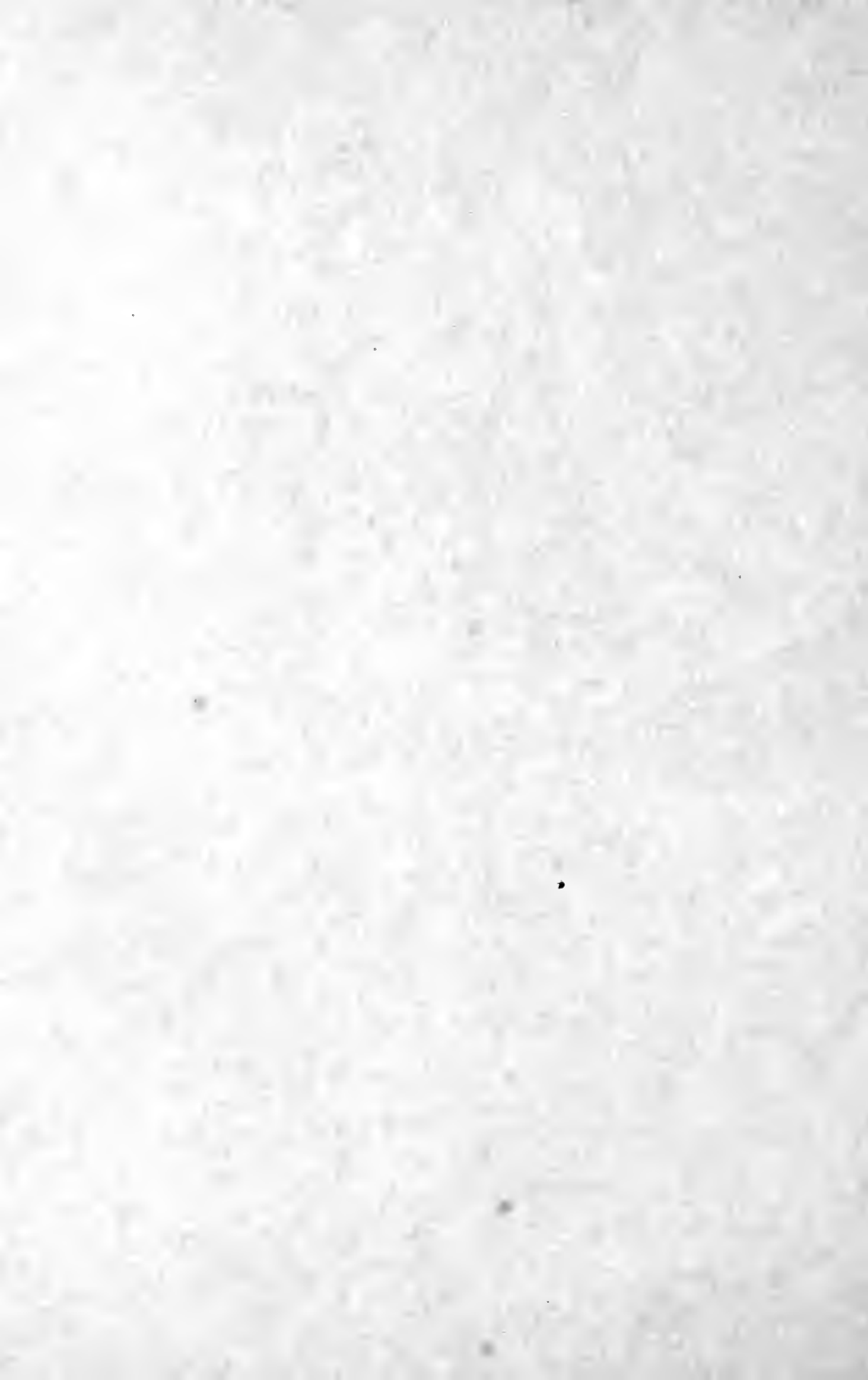
Wide stretching valleys, where the ripening grain,
 Turning to gold,
Waved its bright lances on the peaceful plain,
Telling life's story: How through toil and pain
 The good is multiplied a thousandfold.

Dead was the Sower; but the grain grew on
 And ripened in the heat,
Till fairer fields eyes never looked upon,
When walked the reapers with their cradles drawn,
 And at their feet

Laid the long lines of golden carpet down
 On every side, —
The blessed gift of One whose hands had sown,
Till night set in, and then, aweary grown,
 Had, resting, died.

“Dead is the Sower,” said the toiling men
 At summer eves;
“Had He but lived to see the harvest, surely then
No happier mortal could have ever been.
 These many sheaves

“Bear down our garner with their weight of gold;
 Each drooping head
But speaks the truth which sainted lips have told:
Who soweth well may reap an hundredfold,
 Though he be dead.



“Yet, as God wills it, other hands may reap ;
But angels hold
Some precious portion, bearing up the steep
To heaven’s domain, His good they watchful keep,
His sheaves of gold.”

“Dead is the Sower,” said the weeping throng
On Calvary’s side.

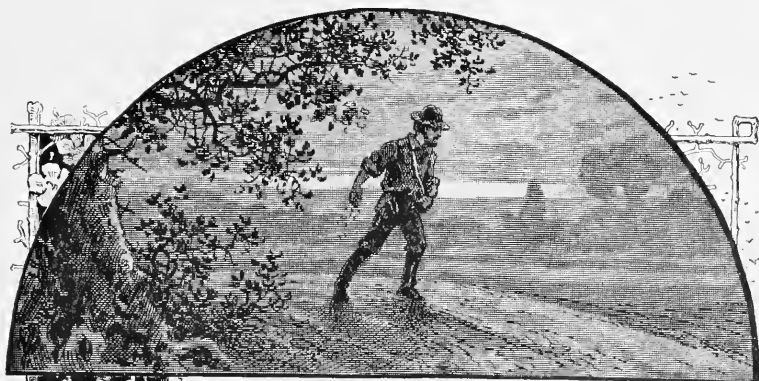
“Behold, the sun is darkened at the wrong,
And hides his face, as he doth move along,
Before the Crucified.”

“Dead is the Sower,” mourning women said,
The tomb beside ;
But angels cheering words of comfort spread :
“Not dead, but risen, — new-born and perfected,
And glorified.”

Dead is the Sower ! Never yet was grave
So deep or wide,
So strong or guarded, that it held the brave,
Great soul of one who, laboring, sought to save,
And yet was crucified.



THE SOWER.



North went the Sower at the dawn of day,
Before the sun,
Down the long level where the night fogs lay,
Up the steep hillside, scattering on His way,
And one by one,
The amber jewels o'er the fertile land,
From side to side,
Fraught with God's goodness; when the south-
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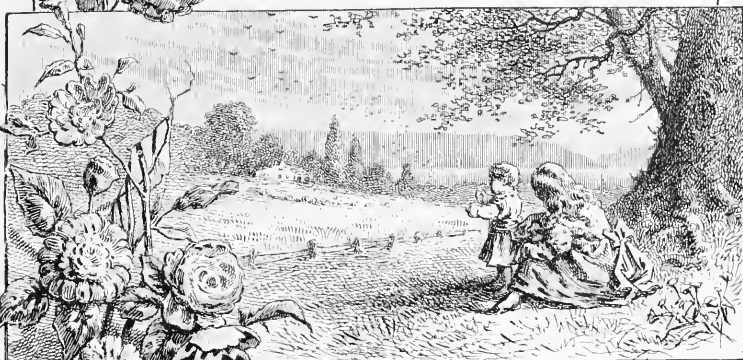


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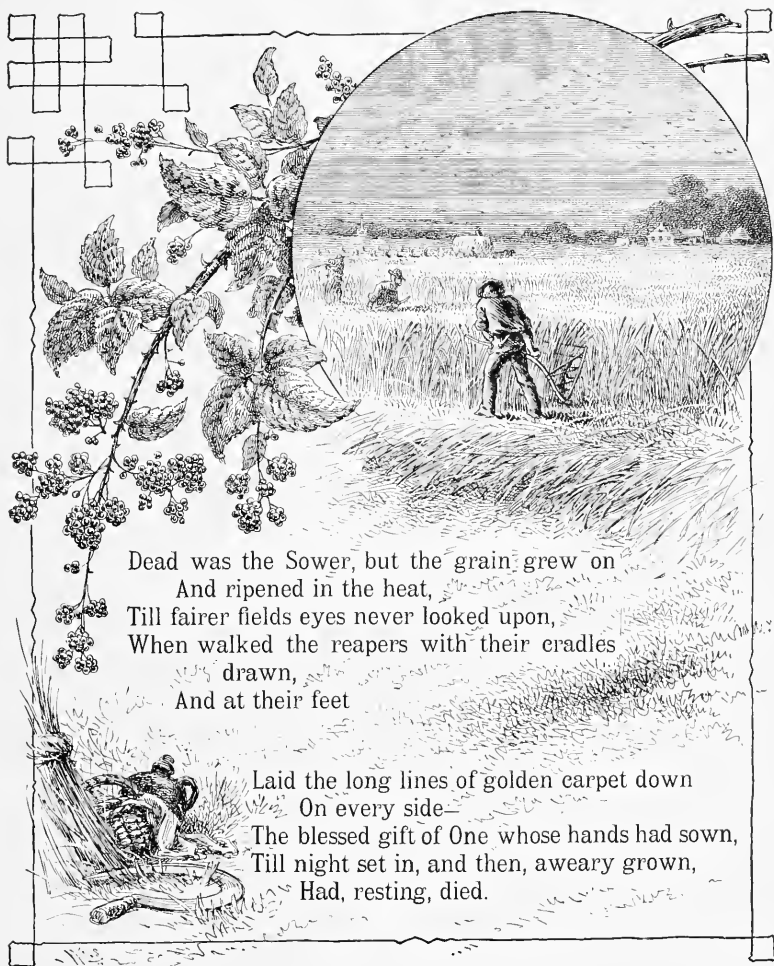


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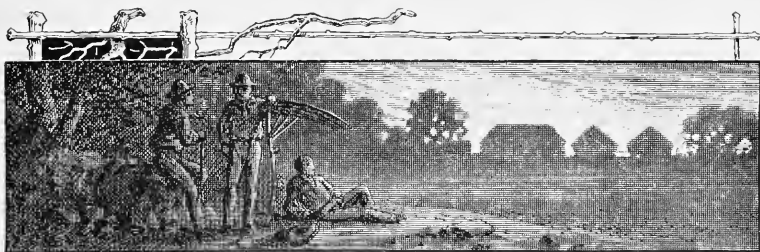




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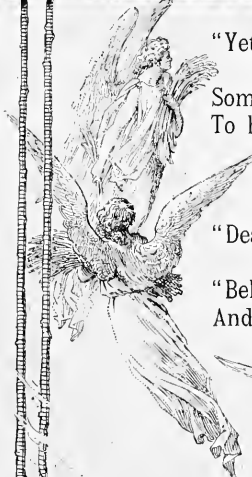
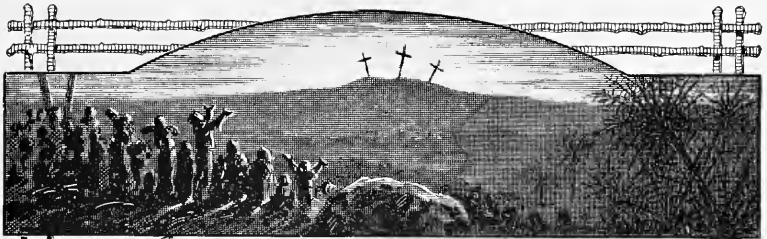
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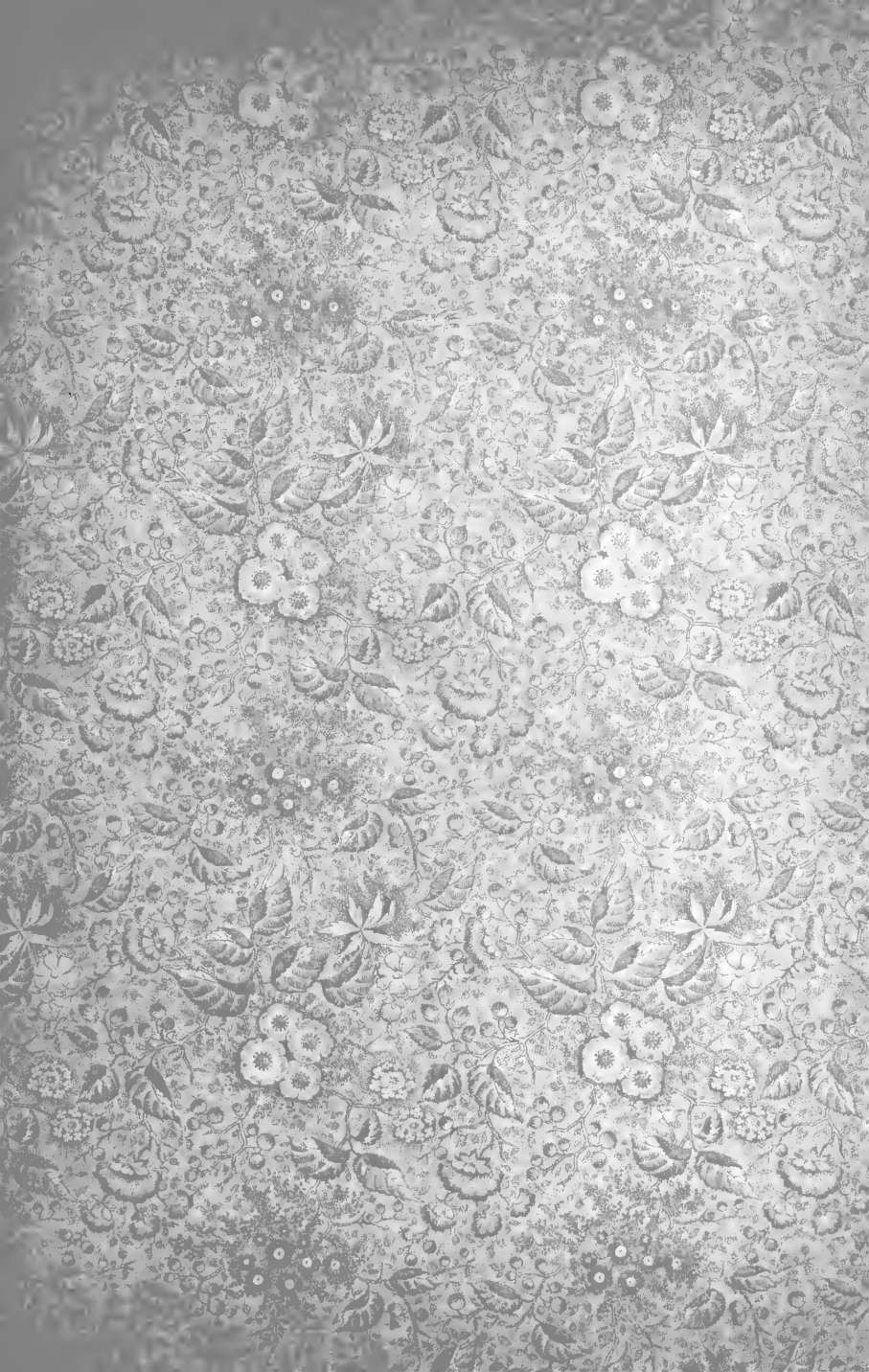












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